

I Wear The Chain I Forged In Life

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28859439) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28859439>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationships:	Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Tommyinnit & Business Bay , Tommyinnit & Multiple Versions Of Himself Throughout Time , No Romantic Relationship(s)
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , TimeDeo , Bitzel (Video Blogging RPF) , LukeOrSomething , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sylvee (Video Blogging RPF) , Ryan Krinios , Other background characters
Additional Tags:	Angst , Fluff and Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , Hurt/Comfort , SMPEarth - Freeform , Basically The Plot Of A Christmas Carol But Also Not , smp!tommy goes into a coma and meets his future selves as they try to change their fate using him , Antarctic Empire , Attempted assassination , a christmas carol with a healthy side of forgein-god-tries-to-kill-child , Protective Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings , i'm actually doing this huh , i'm publishing minecraft fanfiction , i am in high school , ten year old me would be so proud
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of These Are The Things We're Made Of
Collections:	Time Travel Fics That Water My Crops
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-19 Words: 4,103 Chapters: 1/1

I Wear The Chain I Forged In Life

by [bonespell](#)

Summary

“Oh,” Doomsday says. “We’ve run out of time.”

“Doomsday, please, just tell me how to stop this,” Tommy begs.

Doomsday does not meet his eyes. “I wear the chain I forged in life, TommyInnit. I made it link by link, yard by yard. Let us hope you’ve done the same.”

or,

change the past to change the future, why don’t you?

Notes

god i cannot believe i’m actually publishing minecraft fanfiction in 2021 i’ve been sitting quietly in this fandom w my nearly 50k document of drabbles that i’ll never publish for months

but ah, fuck, one escaped and here it is

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Tommy is a good pilot. Everyone knows it. Deo knows it best - Tommy was the one who taught him to fly.

When Tommy is shot down from the skies, they think nothing of it. The plane doesn't look too damaged, and Bitzel goes to retrieve him where it'll probably land. Tommy'll land it like he usually does and hop out, smouldering slightly and grinning.

There is no flight of the plane on the way down - it crashes into the ground hard. Deo feels concern spike in his chest, but he throws his blade up to block Philza and finds he has no time to worry about it right now.

A scream pierces the air - it belongs to Bit.

Deo's reflexes are instant - with some force, he manages to shove Phil off of him. He turns tail and sprints for the smoke rising in the air, following Bitzel's scream for *help, please, help us* . When he skids into the clearing, Luke hot on his heels, his breath catches and his heart stops.

Bitzel is panicking, pulling at Tommy's arm. The plane is angled so it just barely avoided crushing him - he is unconscious and bleeding from a hole ripped through his abdomen.

For the first time in recent memory, Deo freezes. He can smell the gas, he knows the plane is going to explode. He doesn't know what to do. Does he order Bit away, as the second in command, and leave Tommy to die? Does he risk them all dying to try and save Tommy?

His thinking is interrupted by a harsh shove on his shoulder that sends him stumbling sideways into the grass. He watches in disbelief as Bitzel is shoved off of Tommy as well, and Technoblade himself bends his knees, positioning his hands, and *lifts the plane* .

Deo watches as Techno snaps his wrist forward aggressively and the giant gold ring on his pointer finger snaps open to reveal a small, sharp blade. He brings it down with

perhaps too much force, and the seatbelt holding Tommy up snaps.

Wisp pulls Bit to his feet, dragging him away. The members of the alliance who gathered to watch are starting to evacuate the clearing as well. Luke yelps as he's yanked along by the wrist by Sylvee as she and Krinios make a break for it.

Technoblade lifts Tommy into his arms and turns around quickly, locking eyes with Deo. There is a determination in them.

“Run!” He snaps, and Deo does. If Technoblade tells you to run, you fucking run.

Deo runs as fast as he can, but the explosion still sends him skidding across the forest floor. He shuts his eyes before impact.

Deo opens his eyes in a med bed. He has bandages wrapped around his head and his ribs, and the light sort of hurts. He takes in his surroundings - Bitzel and Luke are chatting as Luke towels off his wet blond hair, Pete is bringing potions to Sylvee, Phil is wrapping Technoblade's arm as they quietly talk about something.

Where is Tommy?

Techno watches as Deo wakes up out of the corner of his eye. Wilbur's got an actual qualified surgeon and an actual functional hospital, so Tommy is in the most high-security room there. Techno can only hope he got to the kid in time - he may be annoying, but Techno doesn't want him *dead* .

Someone had sent up some sort of missile that had punched through the plane and then the kid himself. Techno has no idea who. All of his allies seem as distraught as he, and Business Bay's allies are few but constant...

In any case, it was a gory sight. Techno hisses in pain as Phil pulls particularly hard at the thread holding his arm together.

"Sorry, sorry," Phil murmurs, and then, "You okay, mate? Haven't seen you this worked up in a long time."

"I," Techno starts and then stops. He has so much he wants to say, but he has to keep it short and concise or he fears he'll give in to his anger. "Someone shot a fifteen-year-old out of the sky, Phil, with a weapon the likes of which we'd *never* seen. Phil, I saw it when I picked him up - There's a hole through his abdomen. Visible hole."

Phil nods sympathetically. "I get it, mate. I'm not too happy either, but we have to make sure he survives before we can subtly help him seek revenge."

Techno hums in response just as Krinios walks over with a stack of papers. Techno hears the telltale sounds of a Business Bay Group Hug - he hears the cheers, and Deo's startled *oomph* . The cheers are significantly quieter without Tommy.

“Here’s what I say,” Kronos says gently, sliding a few papers off of his pile onto the table in front of him. Techno and Phil both stare up at him, unblinking. He swallows. “When Tommy is stable, I say the alliance all takes shifts so we have a watch on him 24/7 until he’s safe. Wilbur has Josh looking at the part of the weapon we recovered... he says he’s never seen it. This was...”

“An attempt on his life,” Techno finishes bluntly when Krinios trails off. “Someone premeditated trying to kill the kid, huh? Do we know *why*?”

“Not a clue,” Krinios looks down sadly. “I wish I knew, cause if I did...”

Techno barks a laugh at that one. “Mood.”

Phil tugs at the thread again, and Techno nearly bites his tongue.

The first thing Tommy notices is how faint he feels - he feels light and painless and he can’t place *why*, especially because the last thing he remembers is the waves of pain that crashed over him in that moment. He’d tried to scream and choked on his own blood - Fuck. God, shit, fuck, *please* don’t tell him he’s dead.

He sits up - right out of his body.

Nononono, he thinks. *Surely not - surely I didn’t die, that couldn’tve killed me, no way-*

He spots the vitals attached to his body, and sighs. They're steady. He decides to look over the body instead.

His hands phase through the blankets, so he instead inspects what he can see. His chest is bandaged as far as it will go down, and his neck and face are covered in burn cream. The tips of his hair are singed, and he looks pale and sickly. Tommy doesn't remember how he got here.

He looks out the window - Why the hell is he dying in Newfoundland? Where's the bay?

"You look a little lost," says a voice from behind him, and he whips around, words catching in his throat.

The boy, like him, is ghostly and transparent - he wears a blue coat and a hat like some kind of *Hamilton* character.

The most important thing to note, probably, is that he *is* Tommy.

"What's going on?" Tommy demands. "Who are you?"

"I'm you," The other Tommy answers.

"No you're not -"

"I am," He insists. "I'm you from in your future - we need to talk. It's against the rules of time to tell you what to change and the direct result of all your actions, but I'm gonna try and work around that, at my own risk."

"What?"

“Change the past to change the future, am I right?” The other Tommy asks, and Tommy stares. That answers nothing, but he takes the hand Other Tommy has extended and nearly vomits as his vision swirls.

(Would he be able to vomit in the astral plane or wherever the fuck he is? Tommy decides not to think about it.)

They stop outside a van. Around the van are walls, and people all in the same uniform as Other Tommy run around. Tommy stares - What *is* this place?

Other Tommy smiles gently. “Welcome to L’manburg. This’ll all be yours someday - this little family. You’re in a new world, and you’re the right hand man of Wilbur, who founded this nation on the grounds of freedom. You guys won a war for independence - you’re your own country now, see?”

“Ha! A battle! TommyInnit doesn’t lose,” Tommy crows, expecting a similar response out of Other Tommy. Instead, Other Tommy is staring forward. Tommy waits.

“You’re extremely selfless, Tommy,” Other Tommy says quietly. “That’s gonna get you into some deep shit, but it’s all gonna be worth it, even if it doesn’t seem like it in the moment.”

“Mmm,” Tommy hums in reply. “That’s how it always works, innit? Just business.”

“I can tell you right now,” Other Tommy snorts as they watch Wilbur and someone else Tommy doesn’t recognise fool around in front of the van, “Revolution is nothing like business. Just... stick true to who you are, okay? Not a persona. The person this revolution will need is the real Tommy, not professional scammer Tommy or any other one.”

“You’re scaring me a little,” Tommy jokes, and Other Tommy gives a soft chuckle.

“It was the most scared I’ve ever been,” He says softly. “But it’s good. Things are good now, you know?”

“I’m excited to,” Tommy says, surprised by the sincerity in his tone. Other Tommy gives him a smile, and they watch the sun set over the walls.

Techno strides into Tommy’s hospital room to relieve Wilbur of his position. Wilbur’s head snaps up, and Techno’s eyes flit to where he has one of Tommy’s hands in both of his.

“Am I interruptin’ a private conversation?” Techno asks, jerking his thumb at the door. “I-I can leave.”

“Nah,” Wilbur says softly, brushing back Tommy’s hair and pressing a kiss to his forehead before standing. “How are you doing?”

“Should be askin’ you that.”

“Technoblade,” Wilbur scolds. “We’ve talked about deflecting before. I asked about you. I know you were the one who pulled him out of there? How’s your arm? How are you?”

“Fine.”

“Techno.”

“*Physically* fine,” Techno corrects exasperatedly, cracking the slightest smile when Wilbur chuckles at his tone. “Mentally, I’m... I’ve got a lot goin’ on.”

“Don’t we all,” Wilbur sighs, throwing an arm around Techno’s shoulders and pulling him in for a hug. “It’s for me. Let it happen.”

Somehow, Techno knows Wilbur is lying, and it’s for both of them, but he won’t complain. He pretends to be annoyed (and he knows Wilbur knows he knows-) but he puts his chin on Wilbur’s shoulder, unable to tear his eyes away from how small Tommy looks in the hospital bed.

When Tommy turns, Other Tommy and his blue coat are gone. L’manburg is fading under his feet, his surroundings blurring -

“It’s my turn?” His own voice asks, and he spins, expecting to see Other Tommy. This voice is more tired, a little deeper-

The Tommy behind him is definitely not the Tommy in the blue coat. This Tommy is dirty and has a scar over the bridge of his nose. His eyes are steely and angry, but behind all of those clouds is still the same mirth that makes him TommyInnit. He thinks it’s just... buried.

“Who are you?” He asks. “And don’t say you, that line was already used-”

“Reusing lines is a beta male move anyways,” They finish at the same time, and they stare at each other before they burst out into identical laughter. Maybe this Tommy is lighter than he thought.

“Anyways,” This Tommy offers him a hand. “If you would?”

Tommy takes it, and he’s on the grass. L’manburg is walless - it looks far different.

“What happened to L’manburg?” Tommy asks slowly as this Tommy starts walking. Tommy speedwalks to keep up.

“Manburg now,” This new Tommy laughs bitterly. “Keep up. We’re going to Pogtopia.”

Pogtopia Tommy is what Tommy decides to call him (unless he gets a better option). Pogtopia Tommy explains to him that things are so very wrong, and so many people are hurt. There is going to be a final fight tomorrow to take it all back, and Pogtopia Tommy doesn’t know if they’re going to win.

He is angry, Tommy is sure. He can hear it in his voice, can see it in the way he moves. Tommy notices the nasty bruise on his cheek and the choppy cut of his hair. Pogtopia Tommy has not been having a good walk of life - what happened between the version of himself he’d just spoken to and this one?

They enter a ravine that is bustling with movement. Tommy gasps at the militaristicness of it all. He jumps when he sees *Technoblade* brush through the crowd with a box.

“Should’ve warned you,” Pogtopia Tommy snorts, hopping up on a ledge and offering Tommy a hand. “Yeah. Techno came to help you and Wilbur take it back. Glad that’s gone so well.”

Wilbur is sat against a wall, strumming his guitar. He’s dirty and the bags under his eyes tell a story - so does the hollowness of his cheeks. Tommy can see him from this vantage

point, and he can *feel* the moment Pogtopia Tommy follows his view to Wilbur.

Tommy looks back, and Pogtopia Tommy looks down at his ragged shoes. “Tommy, I... he’s not well. He’s not our Wilbur anymore. I’ve stuck by his side so far - I’m not sure if the good outweighs the bad. I guess I’ll know tomorrow.”

“What happened to being happy? Content?” Tommy asks slowly, and Pogtopia Tommy snorts bitterly.

“Tommy, I was a fool to think that the revolution was the end of it. Of course it wasn’t - there’s never an end of it. Settling down was a shit idea, man. Trust me.”

Tommy thinks to his faction - he’s settled down, and they care for him. He cares for them back. If- no, *when* he wakes up, he’s gonna hug his friends tightly. If this is really his future, he’s gonna cherish them.

The boy Tommy’d seen messing with Wilbur in L’manburg walks by. He’s wrapped in bandages, and what Tommy can see is badly burned. He sucks in a breath. Something in his chest squeezes, and the way Pogtopia Tommy’s eyes sadden when they see him tells him everything he needs to know.

“Isn’t fucking worth it,” Pogtopia Tommy mutters under his breath, and they fall into silence. Tommy doesn’t question it. Instead, he watches as the ravine bustles around him in preparation for a war. A pit of dread is growing in his stomach as he watches.

Tommy's attackers aren't done, and Techno is on constant watch. He only sleeps when Phil forces him to lie down for a half-hour, only eats when he can see Tommy and a weapon is in reach.

Charlie was found bleeding and unconscious on the floor, and Tommy's window was open. Techno doesn't know who got in, and Wilbur's doctors are still running tests. They haven't found anything yet but a broken syringe on the floor. Techno refuses to leave Tommy's side - he can't let the kid die on his watch. He won't.

Krinios bursts into the room, Sylvee hot on his tail. Sylvee stumbles forward as Techno stands, grabbing him by the forearms. Techno grabs her forearms as well on instinct to make sure she doesn't collapse on him.

"Techno," She gasps out, chest heaving. "On the border, there's an issue, Wilbur- We need you down there."

"I-" He turns back to look at Tommy. "What's the situation?"

"They've got Wilbur at gunpoint," She says, and Techno's convinced. The hospital has been extra-secured since the last break-in - Tommy will be fine while he goes to the border for twenty minutes to help out.

When he arrives, there are two men he doesn't recognise. One of them has a pistol pressed against Wilbur's chin harshly. Wilbur looks dazed, and there's blood dripping from his temple.

"Hand him over," Techno drawls slowly, watching the men flinch. "Then you can run. I'll give you a headstart - I'm feeling lazy today."

"No," One of them spits at his feet. "Give us the fucking boy, Technoblade."

“Why would I do that?” Techno raises an eyebrow, leaning forward on his sword. “What’s he even worth to you, anyways? He’s a fifteen year old pain in my ass.”

“It’s personal,” The other grinds out. He shoves the pistol further into Wilbur’s chin, and Wilbur lets out a pained whine. Techno is pretty sure he’s concussed.

“Well,” Techno hefts his sword. “Must be real personal, if you’re willin’ to fight me.”

Techno waits, and then he charges.

And in an absolute blaze of fucking glory, Timedeo comes hurtling across the field and bodyslams the one not holding Wilbur into the grass. They roll around, and Techno uses the distraction to trip the one who is holding Wilbur and pull Wilbur into his arms. Wilbur buries his face in Techno’s cloak with a soft noise of pain. Techno threads a hand in his hair, and Deo, hair ruffled and clothes creased from his scuffle, comes up and stands next to Techno, pointing the enemy’s sword at them.

“Leave,” Techno rumbles, and the two men do not wait or think twice. They make a break into the woods. When they’re far enough, Techno drops his face into Wilbur’s hair with a sigh and announces, “Deo, your entire faction is goin’ to be the death of me.”

“I’m sure Tommy’d be ecstatic,” Deo snorts as they start walking Wilbur back to the hospital between them. “TommyInnit, defeater of Technoblade, champion of men.”

“Technoblade,” Techno mutters, feeling a smile tug at his lips. “Annoyed to death by TommyInnit. A noble leader.”

Deo outright cackles at that one.

Then the clouds begin to move faster, and a window in the hospital shatters.

Tommy.

Deo and Techno look at each other, Techno shoves Wilbur off to Sylvee, and they break into a dead sprint.

Tommy waits until Pogtopia gets blurry as well - he wonders if he will go back to sleep now, or if there is another version of himself. Pogtopia Tommy vanishes soon enough, and Tommy wonders that if there is another one, will he be angrier?

He hopes not. Tommy doesn't want to be so angry. He does not want to ever be Pogtopia Tommy. He does not want this to be his future.

The stone under him fades to darkness, and he turns around when a cold wind hits his back.

He's taken aback.

This version of Tommy looks *tired*. He's covered in lightning scars, burn scars, normal scars. His hair is longer and floppier, and he's thinner than Tommy's ever been. He's wearing Pogtopia Wilbur's tattered jacket over his tattered outfit.

"Hey," He says, and Tommy cannot help himself.

“What happened to you?” He whispers, horrified. This Tommy holds out a hand wordlessly.

As Tommy takes it, the other version of him simply states, “Doomsday.”

They appear on the edge of a smoking crater. Tommy has no idea where they are. Doomsday, as Tommy’s decided to call him, looks out over the crater with a bittersweet expression.

“Do you know where we are, Tommy?” Doomsday asks softly. “Do you recognise the terrain?”

And the more Tommy looks, the more he inspects-

“This is L’manburg,” He breathes. Doomsday hums in agreement.

“I don’t know how long we have together, Tommy. I have many things I need to tell you. We’re all in agreement - we don’t want you to make our mistakes. We- *I* made so many mistakes that led me here.”

“Huh?” Tommy asks, entirely lost.

“Listen closely.”

Techno takes the steps four at a time, Deo hot on his heels. Deo's still healing - Techno shouts an order for him to stay outside.

He enters the hospital room door to see a man in a mask walking towards a portal with Tommy in his arms.

"Techno," The man greets cheerfully, as if he's not holding an unconscious Tommy up with a blade at his throat.

"Who are you?" Techno growls.

"Mmm, I suppose we haven't met yet. Look, Technoblade - I can't allow Tommy to grow up. He goes on to ruin *everything* - you have to believe me. It's for your own good as well - I'm saving all of us! You! Me! Wilbur!"

"Not interested in your deal," Techno levels *Technogun* at the man. "Hand him over. Now."

"Aren't you mad? Like Pogtopia Tommy?" Tommy asks quietly.

"I used to be," Doomsday smiles sadly. The smile pulls at his facial scars. "Anger kept me going for a long time. There's too much to be mad about now, Tommy. It's better if I don't feel any of it at all."

“That’s not healthy.”

“Neither is the time I tried to throw myself to my death from a tower.”

Tommy takes that in. He’d tried to kill himself? Why...?

“Don’t worry,” Doomsday shrugs. “I realised what I was doing last moment. I’m fine. Tommy, there’s so much hurt in your future - here’s what I need you to do.”

“It’s for the greater good of a world,” The man growls. “If I kill this brat now, and he never arrives in my world, then he’ll never ruin my family. My server was a big happy family before *he* ruined it with his questions.”

“I don’t give a fuck,” Techno snarls. “You put the kid down now and *maybe* I don’t shoot you.”

“You’re so difficult! I have to do this before he wakes, don’t you understand?” The masked man stomps his foot. “First you ruin my first attempt, then my second, now this? You should have left him in his fucking plane.”

“When Techno arrives,” Doomsday says, “He’s going to be used as a weapon. Treat him like a person. He’s a person. He can barely think of himself as one anymore - he’s everyone’s blade nowadays. The difference it would have made if I had known...”

Tommy mentally notes that down.

“Don’t tell Tubbo he’s not important at any point. I don’t know if you know Tubbo yet, but he’s so incredibly important to us, cross my heart. After we... well, he becomes our everything.”

Tommy nods.

“Last but not-”

“You,” Techno narrows his eyes. “You fucking bastard.”

“You can’t shoot me, Technoblade!” The man cackles. “I have Tommy as my shield!”

“Watch me,” Techno murmurs, drawing back an arrow.

“Oh,” Doomsday says. “We’ve run out of time.”

“Doomsday, please, just tell me how to stop this,” Tommy begs.

Doomsday does not meet his eyes. “I wear the chain I forged in life, TommyInnit. I made it link by link, yard by yard. Let us hope you’ve done the same.”

Techno’s entire world stills.

“Only your friends can save you now,” Doomsday states. “I hope, for our sake, that your links are strong enough.

He releases the arrow.

Doomsday takes Tommy’s hands.

The arrow whistles through the air.

“Goodbye, TommyInnit,” He says softly. “Won’t you be better than me? You’re our second chance, you know.”

“I’ll make it count,” Tommy responds, equally as soft, before yanking Doomsday in for a hug.

There’s a grunt, and the masked man releases Tommy and stumbles backwards through his portal. It closes behind him.

Techno offhandedly hopes he bleeds out, but he falls to his knees and scoops Tommy into his arms.

The world fades to black completely this time, and there is nothing for Tommy to see. He wonders if this is death. Endless nothing? He would be alright with that, but he made a promise. He attempts to force his eyes open.

As he does, voices fade in. He is against something warm. It rumbles, and he hums quietly in response.

The thing freezes, and the voices stop. Everything gets clearer.

“Tommy?” He hears a murmur in an *incredibly* familiar voice that he can’t quite place. “Hey, Tommy, hey. Can you hum again?”

Tommy complies, and he’s readjusted. He curls into the warm.

“Open your eyes, Tommy,” The voice whispers, and Tommy is *trying* . He tries to lift a hand to wipe at them, but they’re too weak. He feels a lithe finger do it for him.

Tommy hides his face in a warm chest. The light is too bright. His eyes are open.

“You with me?” The voice rumbles, and Tommy looks up at Techno with a gentle smile.

“Thank you,” Tommy whispers. “For everything.”

They’ll go back to their playful fighting eventually. Their rivalries are fun, and they’ll keep doing them for as long as they can. But this solidifies what Pogtopia Tommy had said - Techno cares. Techno is cradling Tommy in his lap, rocking him gently, face pressed into his hair, fingers combing through it.

Yeah, Doomsday, he thinks. I’ll make this one count.

So with the most TommyInnit voice his exhausted body can muster, he says, “I had the *strangest* dream.”

End Notes

what think????

like?????????

please comment i live off the comments every single one keeps me going i stg

if you're one of my subscribers from lu, and wanna get into whatever the fuck this is, i have a handy playlist here i made!

https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PL32kBIjtwNJ_5y6HIrLVqEA1IorB-kKiO

and as always, links!! (come say hi/and or yell at me for my sins!!!)

tumblr: <http://bonespell.tumblr.com/>

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